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Title: Lands of Sareni Part 1

Author: Sabriel De'Kar

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Night crept over the dark, unholy land slowly. Creatures, who had spent most of the day asleep, slunk slowly out of their homes and hiding places to reek havoc on the creatures of the light.

The night became alive with these creatures, as they moved out into the forgotten lands around them.

A dark, black stone castle stood high on the tallest mountain of Dris Ser'ona. It loomed high above the rest of the mountain range, and the castle's dark spires twisted up towards the sky. There were no lights on within the castle, except for one window, where a candle could be

seen, lit in a window. A woman stood on the balcony. It was the once known Asraile, whose mind had been corrupted by the Vampire King. She had once had a family, and been happily married.

That time had long since passed. She called herself Zril now, and lived only to do the King's bidding.

Zril grinned wickedly, standing on the balcony of the castle. The wind whipped about her,

carrying her long black hair to swirl in a thundercloud about her.

The sun had set: it was time for her Master to wake. That night they would begin their quest to move across the lands of Sareni spreading the darkness that was contained in her masters ebony stone heart. The Dark Alliance would be formed that night, and the world of Man and Beast would fall to the

will of the wicked.  
She turned taking her leave to move into the darkened halls, her feet falling silently on the gray marble floor. Her long purple skirt fluttered about her as she made her graceful, but menacing movements down the long castle corridor. The floors were marble, with alchemic symbols engraved in each marble slab. The stonewalls of the castle were decorated with

shields and pictures of those who used to live within the castle in centuries past.  
She pulled the metal door to a large chamber open, finding Argith, the Vampire King, sitting at his desk, quill in hand. He had long black hair that came down just past his shoulders. His eyes were a deep crimson. He wore black leather pants with metal spikes coming out from them along the

waist, and around the bottoms of each pant leg. He wore a black long sleeved shirt that concealed his ghastly white skin beneath it. He was deep in thought. Thus, she remained silent,

standing at the door until

she was beckoned to come close to speak. He looked up at her, smiled his crooked dark smile, and she moved to sit before him. "Sire, The Moon is almost right."

"Yes.. Good. Have you prepared the spell?" he asked, his gaze darkening with wonder upon her as she sat.

"Indeed I have. But the Moon will not be perfect until Midsummer's eve,

and yet we have another problem, the Draconic Knights of Darmai. They captured your messenger, sire, the man you sent to bring Maris the Wolf to you. They forced him to tell of your plans they may prove to be a bother." Zril stated, sitting taller in her chair.

"Zril, I have no worries." He laughed manically. "For not even they, the Knights will stop us now."

and yet we have another problem, the Draconic Knights of Darmai. They captured your messenger, sire, the man you sent to bring Maris the Wolf to you. They forced him to tell of your plans

a problem, they are NOT a problem."

"Of course, Argith." She said, shaking her head.

"Now... Since the messenger couldn't retrieve Maris.. Be a dear and go get him." Argith said, folding his arms over his chest. Zril nodded to Argith, standing and moved back out into the hall again, silently as she had came.

Kyrstian giggled, looking at her brother Jerahd as he moved towards a tree, grabbing a vine and swinging into the deep lake bellow.

“Careful!” she called to him. “There was a

serpent in there yesterday,”  
Jerahd grinned. “No Serpent is a match for me! For I am a DRACONIC KNIGHT!” he bluffed, swimming to the edge to make the jump again.

“You and your dreams, Jerahd.” She said slightly bemused. “No peasant ever becomes a Draconic Knight.”

“But! Alas I will! IF it is the last thing I do!”

he called, as he reached the beach and went to swing, again.

“And yes. You will go off, become a knight, save a damsel in distress, marry her, and live happily ever after.” She

said sarcastically, starting to climb an old oak tree. It was the same tree she had climbed her whole life, while she sat and watched her brother swim. She had never quite had a fondness for

swimming. She moved up branch-by-branch, the long branches creaking as she climbed up the tree. She found her favorite spot to sit, it was against the trunk of the tree, on a large, wide branch, that

made it easy for her to sit safely.

“Of course. That’s exactly what’s going to

happen.” Jerahd said, nodding. “Its how its supposed to happen.” “Only in Fairytales...and

we all know fairytales don’t come true in real life.” Kyrstian said, shaking her head.

“Come on Kyrs, don’t put a damper on my mood.” He said.

“Whatever, Jerahd..”

she said, shaking her head. She looked up at the sky. “Its getting dark, we better be heading home. Father will worry.” She said.

“Okay, come down.. I know a short cut.”

Jerahd nodded.

“Uh, no. I know about you and your shortcuts, and half the time they’re the long way around.”

She said, shaking her head slightly, as she started to descend the tree branches until she was low enough to the ground. Then, she jumped, landing softly on the ground besides him.

“Come on!” he exclaimed grabbing her arm and taking her towards a

hardly worn path that lead around the lake.

“NO!” she spat, pulling back on her arm.

“KYRS!”

“NO!” she shrieked, and smacked him upside the head once.

“Come on, I swear this way is shorter.” He said. She sighed, nodding.

“Fine...But if it isn’t... the blame is completely on you.”

The path winded around the large lake, and then

took off to the East.  
They followed it, and in  
some points had to duck  
under tree branches. It  
was a deer's trail, so  
the area wasn't cleared  
enough in points for a  
human to pass through.

"Jerahd.." Kyrstian  
began, "We're lost."  
He stopped, scratching his  
head, looking about, "We  
are." He stated simply,  
then turned to look down  
the path they came. "I  
don't even know if we

can go back the way we  
came, we won't be able  
to see the path well."

Kyrstian stopped speaking,  
listening to the forest  
around them. "Do you  
hear that?" she asked.  
"No what is it?"

"It's a woman's voice."  
she stated, moving slowly  
through the forest to  
listen more.

Jerahd followed, and soon  
they reached the edge of  
a clearing. They hid behind  
a bush, listening to the

voices. They could see  
who it was: it was a tall,  
black haird woman,  
wearing a purple dress  
stood a long horsedrawn